

2^d THE
Black-Bird's
TALE.
A
POEM.

Ag't up Whigs & their party.

—Si monitis, tardas adverteret aures;
Heu! referet quanto verba dolore mea.
Prop. l. i.

The Second Edition Corrected and Enlarged
by the same Author.

L O N D O N:

Printed by E. Powell, in Blackfriars near
Ludgate, and sold by the Booksellers.

Price Two Pence.

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Printed by C. Howell, in Blackfriars near
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Price Two Pence.
July 1779

Have been your Slave Time out of Mind;
Not Summer Heat, nor Winter Storms,
Not Foulers Gair, nor Night Alarm,
Not all the New-vented Snares,
Could fright us from the Nations Pairs;
Or force us to desert our Bachelors;
We never have you yet betray'd,
But still have lov'd, or lov'd to be;
I then pardon me whilst I declare
BLACKBIRDS
T A L E



Good old **BLACKBIRD**, whose
Retreat

Had long been near a *Noble Seat*;
Seeing the *Mistresses* of the

Dome

Sit in her *Arbour* all alone,
In Humble manner to her came,
And thus accosts the penfive **DAME**.

But

A 2

MADAM,

—MADAM, you know, I and my *Kind*,
 Have been your *Birds* Time out of Mind;
 Not *Summers* Heat, nor *Winters* Storms,
 Nor *Fowlers* Gins, nor Night *Alarms*,
 Not all their New-invented *Snares*,
 Contriv'd to catch us unawares,
 Could fright us from our *Native Place*,
 Or force us to desert your *RACE*;
 We never have you yet *betray'd*,
 But still have *suffer'd*, or *obey'd*.

Then pardon me whilst I declare,
 What much concerns you now to hear.

Parrots, and Jays, and chattering Dicks,
 May sooth you with their *Tales* and *Lies*;
Canary Birds with artful *Throats*
 Amuse you with deluding *Notes*,
 And other *Birds*, more false than they,
 May sing, as *Soldiers* fight, for *Pay*.

MADAM

A

But

But should you want 'em, take my Word,
 They'll all forsake you, to a Bird
 The Birds in your own Gardens bred,
 And near your *Mansion* hatch'd and fed,
 Whose Honest Undesigning Hearts
 Are Proof against all Tricks and Arts,
 Whom *Nature* Love and Duty bind,
 You'll always *Just* and *Faithful* find,
 Such Birds have no vile Ends in view,
 But now and always will be true.
 How comes it then, that here I see
 A mixt amphibious Progeny
 And only Strangers in the Place
 Your *Native* Birds were wont to grace,
 The LINNET, and the cheerful LARK,
 That us'd to chant around your Park,
 The sweet Tongu'd FINCH, and the THRUSH,
 That have so oft charm'd every Bush,
 A *Can*

Can hardly find a Twig to sing you blood not
 Their grateful Welcomes to the Spring they'll
 The Nightingales and faithful Doves all
 Have all forsok you Spring and Groves all
 And in their faintest Notes complain How
 Of your Unkind and Haith *Disdain* you
 The ROBIN, REAR-BREAST and the WREN
 Birds that associate most with Men you'll
 Have left your House, and all are gone
 To some more Hospitable *Dome* now
 The very Sparrows in your Eaves,
 Altho' indeed Domestic *Thieves*
 Do now with reason clamorous loud
 To see how *Strangers* eat their Food
 Nay, even your Cocks, of High Renown
 That have so many *Battles* won,
 Neglected, lay their Weapons by
 And have no moments but to die
 Their Combs and Gills that were so red
 Are now grown Pale and withered :

Whilst

Whilst **Mungrels** revel in your **Pens**,
And half-bred **Crabens** tread your **Hens**

Oh **M A D A M**, who'd have thought your
Grange

Could e'er have suffer'd such a **Change**?

Instead of **Birds** and **Fowls** of Use,

That have so long adorn'd your **House**,

Now **Jacksnaws** on your **Turrets** prate,

And **Robins** now manage your **Estate**;

Devouring **Crows** perch on the **Oak**

Where **Reverend R A V E N S** us'd to **croak**

And from their boading **Beaks** foretell

If all things here should happen well;

Buzzards and **Kites**, with pointed **Claws**,

Now mangle and pervert your **Laws**,

And **Hawks** or **Coots**, with addle **Pates**,

Are **Senators** and **Magistrates**;

Who, lost as well the **Sense** as **Shame**,

Transact such **Things** I dread to name,

And to your Face, to say are bold,
 That you your DAME **Deceitful** hold.
 The **Kingfishers** curse on the Brood,
 That suck'd your Noble **GRANDSIRE's** Blood,
 And uncontroll'd as they can with
 Pillage your Ponds and steal your Fish:
 Nay if what some affirm be true,
 Would do the very same by you
Bitterns and **Berns** with thievish Bills
 Infest your Brooks, destroy your Eels,
 And eat the **Spaw**, and catch the Fry,
 As they against the **Current** lie:
Sea-pies and **Gulls** your House surround,
 And all your Corn and Fruits confound:
 And **foreign Birds** of the worst Kind,
 To you are by your Foes consign'd
 And just like **Egypt's Locusts** come
 Into your very **Lodging Room**.

And

A A

Oh!

Oh! MADAM, who can bear't, that sees
 The Woodpeckers, that kill your Trees,
 Creep in each Hole each Cranny watch,
 And there their pilfering young Ones hatch,
 Those little Vermin too, Cuck-tits,
 That liv'd like Sharps by their Wits,
 Now Strut and Swagger up and down,
 As tho' your House was all their own.
 The Cellar-men, whom the Gods design'd
 Only to vex and plague Mankind
 Here Shelter and Protection find
 And publickly from every Tree,
 Repeat their fulsome Ribaldry.
 All Sorts and Kinds of vicious Fowls
 And Birds of Night, even Bats and Owls,
 Hither in dreadful Flocks resort,
 And near your Mansion keep their Court;
 When other Birds are gone to sleep,
 Here they their Midnight Rebels keep;
 The And

And in a wild confused Throng,

To dang'rous Flights they train their Young;

And here in Helish Consults joyn,

To ruin You and all your LINE.

Oh! MADAM, MADAM, take my Word,

I am your true and faithful Bird;

If you permit these *diurnis* long,

For you at last they'll grow too strong.

Then you'll reflect, when 'tis too late,

And you can only mourn your Fate.

The SWANS (JOVE'S Birds) have took their
Flight,

And all good Birds will leave you quite

Nay, if these *Meleagres* you pursue,

Even Jove himself will leave you too.

Provok'd too far, at last he must,

To You and to himself be just;

And in their *Pall* entirely leave you,

Who now, and always will deceive you.

And

The

The anxious DAME, that Silent sat;

And heard the honest Bird relate

This doleful Tale, replies at last,

" Who can account for Follies past?

" All you have said, I own is true

" But cannot help my *self* or you.

And here she sigh'd, and made a Pause —

" To *me* I once the Cause of *me*

" I have been flatter'd and caress'd

" And often *very* often told,

" — If *every* one hope to gain your *End*,

" — Care for your *Face*, and trust your *Friend*

" — Your *Friends* in *Disrespect* can move

" — They'll be your *Friends*, because they love;

" But if your *Enemies* should take things ill, would

" They'll be your *Friends*, because they will

" These are a stubborn daring *Foes*, and will

" And should they meet the least *Contend*,

" To

" To *Arms* and *Tumults* they would fly,
 " Or any dang'rous *Methods* try;
 " What then must be the *Consequence*,
 " I leave to any *Bird* of *Sense*.
 " By this, and such *Advice* o'erway'd,
 " I gave *Consent* to be betray'd.

But cannot help my self or you.

The *Bird* to this in haste replies,
 Good MADAM, hear our *Mortal* Cries;
 The *PARTRIDGE*, *PHEASANT*, and the *QUAIL*,
Fowls that were never known to rail,
 And all the *Fowls*, both *Wild* and *Tame*,
 Or good for *Food*, or fit for *Game*,
 And every *Bird* that has so long
 Recorded you in grateful Song,
 Low at your Feet do prostrate fall,
 And with one Voice for *Justice* call;
 And further, they declare by me,
 That if you will your *Danger* see,
 To

And

And this pernicious *Counsel* shun,
 Before both you and they're undone,
 They'll joyn, and powerfully assist you,
 Against all those that dare resist you.

They had went on in their Debate,
 But in there stalks a *Fowl of State*,
 A *Peacock*, whom the *Junto* sent
 To watch which way the *LADY* went,
 And send them swift Advice, if she
 With any *BIRD* or *FOWL* should be,
 That *Vertue* had or *Proflity*.

MADAM, says he, your *Friends* within,
 Admire where you so long have been,
 And more, what Business you can have
 With this old Useless, Canting *Slave*.

"Oh! says the *DAME*, he's told a *TALE*;
 "That in my Thoughts will long prevail;
 And

And sure, had you your self been here,
It would affect you much to hear.

To this with Scorn the *Fop* replies,
We know in *Tales* his Talent lies,
But we his *Tales*, and him despise;
His sawcy *Tales*, what e'er they be,
Will never weigh at all with me.
Besides, it is no proper Season,
To hear these High-flown *BLACKBIRDS* reason
You must not hear these *DOTARDS* prate,
Of things that solely now relate
To us, the only *Fowls* of State;
You will have *Leisure* e'er so long,
To listen to their *Tales*, and Song.

The prudent *Bird*, that ill could bear;
To hear this *Pedant Domineer*.
Replies, vain *Sir*, indecent Words;
Do very ill become fine *Birds*.

Manners

Man's and Affinity, but YOU
Suit best with Birds of Quality.
You give me leave to tell you plain,
I value not your high Disdain.
Till you shall have a second trial.

If you mislead this Noble Dame,
You and your Friends will bear the blame.
Let me advise you then to try
No more your Dang'rous Heights to fly,
Left, thus provok'd, we all agree
To set our injur'd MISTRESS free,
And strip you of each borrow'd Plume,
That you to swagger in presume.

214

Here the Bird stop'd, and bowing low,
Hear me, ye Gods! this pond'rous Vow;
May your SUCCESSION never fail,
Nor Crowds nor Impious Arms prevail;
But

But YOU and your *Impious* DOME
 For many *Agony* yet to come,
 Freed from *faint friends* and *faint love*
 In *Spotless* ROME still higher rise,
 Till you shall late ascend the *Skies*.

At this the *Haughty* *Peacock* started,
 The *BIRD* hopt off, and so they parted.

FINIS

